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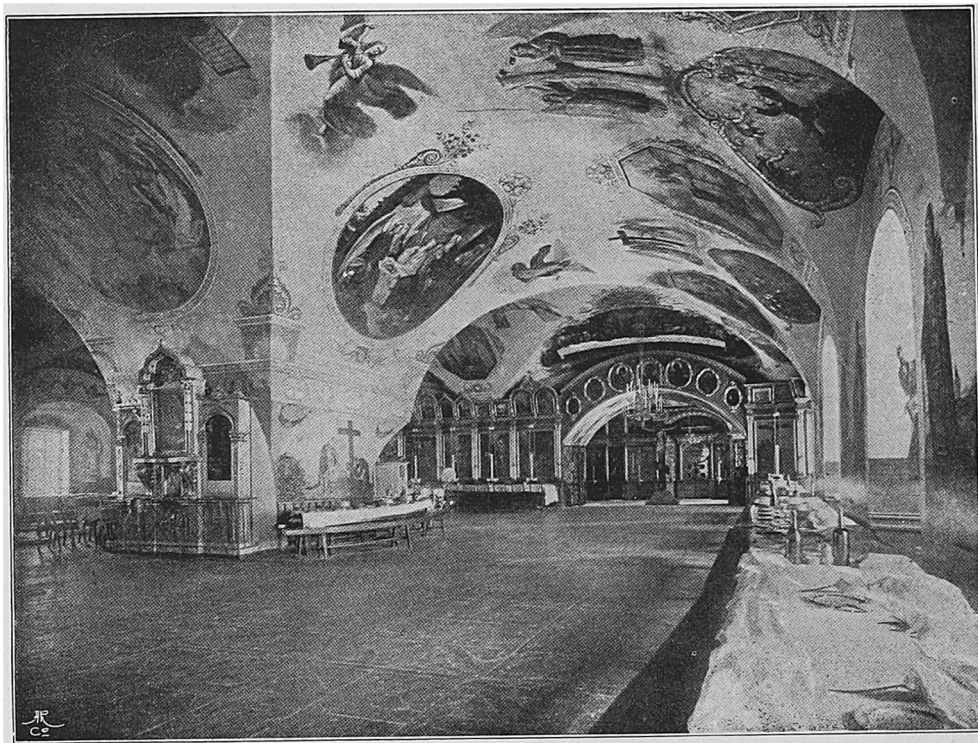
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THE REFECTORY AT
SOLOVETSKÉ MONASTERY

(A. Constable & Co.)

A RUSSIAN PROVINCE OF THE NORTH* BY A. P. ENGELHARDT

THIS most interesting book is the itinerary of the Governor of the Province himself. In it he describes three journeys which he made into the most distant parts of his district, the Murman coast, Petchora and Novaia Zemlia. His narrative, which is full of useful facts concerning the details of the countries which he administers, is deftly interwoven with charming anecdotes and pleasant touches of humour, which give the reader the highest opinion of the author's personality. The development of the province is the dream of its Governor. Harbours, telegraphs, and railways are the means which he employs. It would have been impossible, however, to have followed the story with such degree of certainty

if the book had not been so splendidly illustrated from the photographs taken by Messrs. Leitzinger and Engineer Podgaetski. We give a reproduction of the Refectory of the Solovetské Monastery. This great institution owns steamers, docks, mills, stores, forges, orchards, pastures, and fisheries, so that it might well provide, as it did, everything necessary for the journey of the Governor. From these illustrations we may see the great beauty, for instance, of the town of Archangel, the character of the scenery, the types of the population. Two peasants or Archangel came to the Governor to ask for passports to go with the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to the Pole. He tried to dissuade them from going. 'My arguments were of no

* London: Archibald Constable & Co. Price

A RUSSIAN PROVINCE OF THE NORTH

avail, and notwithstanding my reiterated assertions that passports would be of no use up at the North Pole—by the way, they were more staggered at the idea of any place without police than at anything else I said—they persisted in their demand for them, adding, "It's all right as long as you have a passport." "So I duly handed them a certificate that they might be allowed to pass without let or hindrance to the Pole, and so, without more ado, off they started."

M. Engelhardt's description of the Lapp is very happy; he likens them to the 'gnome' of fairy books when wearing their characteristic costume. They are becoming lost among other races, but the fairly well-to-do delight in their own special manner of life, 'the freedom of the tundra, the rumbling of the forests . . . delicious fresh fish, whether trout, salmon, or grayling . . . being whirled along in our kereoshkas, harnessed to four strong full-grown bull-reindeer . . . to our homes, where fresh venison is roasting for us on the piled-up logs.' Paul the cook and his museum of stuffed specimens is very prettily sketched in, as is the droll punishment of the gambling soldiers; it is just as well to know that there were mosquitoes in this arctic region, but that on the burning of some Solorieff smoking candles 'they fled headlong from tent or room.' The fact that the men are so much away at the fisheries causes the work at home to be left to the women, and led to a very amusing scene in the Petchora. 'A peasant was trudging along the road, and, close behind, with a metal badge-of-office on her breast, a feeble-looking old woman. The old woman, in the performance of her duty as village constable, was duly conducting this great strong convict-peasant on his way to the gaol at Mezler. Learning that I was the Governor, one police-constable begged me to release her from the duty of escorting her prisoner further, 'as you know he can just as well find his way for himself.' This, in fact,

was the outcome of the interview. The prisoner hurried on by himself with his own warrant in hand. 'And where's the prisoner?' he was asked. 'I myself am he.'

We should like to speak of the journey to Novaia Zemlia, of the Birds' Bazaar, the settlement of the Samoyedes, and of the marriage agency, which the Government were driven to institute and which met with partial success, but we must now refer our readers to the book itself.

FUNAFUTI* BY MRS. EDGEWORTH DAVID

THE burden of this most interesting book is an appreciation of the London Missionary Society. The 'big boss' in Funafuti is the 'Missionali'; the Man-o'-war and Commissioner play only second fiddle. Professor David and his company went to this Atoll in order to study geology. He took boring apparatus and succeeded in getting down 557 feet, but we see nothing of him in the book except as a butt for his good wife's fun, and as a cause of anxiety to her. While the coral is being bored she determines not to be bored too, and her book is the result of her inquiries and experiences among the Funafutians. She spent three months on the island; it was merely the Professor's vacation

* London: John Murray. Price 12s.



NAINA AND SOLONAIMA.

Murray)